

# The Native American.

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All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Native American. Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

NOTICE.—Native American Cause, and "The Native American" Newspaper.—The Native American Association in this city has been in existence nearly two years, and enrolls among its members upwards of eleven hundred out of fourteen hundred of the native citizens of the place.

Its objects are—  
To repeal the laws of Naturalization; and  
The establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions through the means of our own countrymen.

A paper, called "The Native American," was commenced a few days after the organization of our Society, and has already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places our doctrines have found ardent and able friends; but to accomplish our patriotic ends so that we may rely upon ourselves for the blessings of peace, and in the perils of war, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly separate the birthrights of our own People from the indelicate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the Old World.

We therefore invite our countrymen throughout the Union to form auxiliary associations, and to memorialize Congress for a repeal of the laws of Naturalization.

Our newspaper is published weekly, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance. We are of no party in politics or religion, but embrace men of all creeds and faiths.

Our motto is—"Our country, always right; but right or wrong, our country."

As every man of the Union who loves the land of his birth is interested in the principles we advocate, we hope each one will voluntarily put forth his hand to help our honest labors, and occasionally cheer us with the cry of "God speed the cause."

Newspapers of all parties throughout the country are requested to give this notice a few insertions, and persons desirous of becoming subscribers, correspondents, or contributors to the paper, are requested to address JAMES C. DUNN.

By order of the President and Council.

T. D. JONES,  
Secretary of the Nat. Amer. Association of the U. S.  
mar 23— Washington city.

## NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizen; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native citizen in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws, the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born *equally free*, to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as Americans believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and demerit. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over the great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of our country, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

## ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

## POETRY.

### ON NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;  
How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose.  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Blend in fantastic strife;  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are.

Night is the time for toil;  
To plough the classic field,  
To find the buried spoil,  
Its wealthy furrows yield.  
Till all is ours that aches to laugh,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;  
To wet with unshed tears  
Those graves of memory where sleep  
The joys of other years;  
Hopes that were angels in their birth,  
But perished young like things on earth.

Night is the time to watch;  
On ocean's dark expanse  
To hail the phoebic, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings unto the home-sick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;  
Brooding on hours mispent,  
To see the spectre of despair  
Come to our lonely tent;  
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,  
Startled by Caesar's staid ghost.

Night is the time to muse;  
Then from the eye the soul  
Takes flight, and with expanding views,  
Beyond the starry pole,  
Describes a path the abyss of night  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;  
Our Saviour's cry of woe,  
Our Saviour's cry of woe,  
So will his followers do;  
Steal from the throng to haunts unfret,  
And hold communion with their God.

Night is the time for death;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease;  
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends—such death be mine.

## MISCELLANY.

From Carlyle's Life of Schiller.

### HARDSHIPS OF LITERARY MEN.

If to know wisdom were to practice it; if fame brought true dignity and peace of mind; or happiness consisted in nourishing the intellect with its appropriate food, and surrounding the imagination with ideal beauty, a literary life would be the most enviable which the lot of this world affords. But the truth is far otherwise. The man of letters has no immutable, all-conquering volition, more than other men; to understand and to perform are two very different things with him as with every one. His fame rarely exerts a favorable influence on his dignity of character, and never on his peace of mind; its glitter is external, for the eyes of others; within it is but the ailment of unrest, the oil cast upon the ever-burning fire of ambition, quickening in fresh vehemence the blaze which it stills for a moment. Moreover, this man of letters is not wholly made of spirit, but of clay and spirit mixed: his thinking faculties may be nobly trained and exercised, but he must have affections as well as thoughts to make him happy, and food and raiment must be given him or he dies. Far from being the most enviable, his way of life is, perhaps, among the many modes by which an ardent mind endeavors to express its activity, the most thickly beset with suffering and degradation. Look at the biography of authors! Except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man. The calamities of these people are a fertile topic; and too often their faults and vices have kept pace with their calamities. Nor is it difficult to see how this has happened. Talent of any sort is generally accomplished with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrows enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and too transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse, but plenteous and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure, frequently they give it pain, for men's aims are far beyond their strength. And the outward recompense of these undertakings, the distinctions they confer, is of still smaller value: the desire for it is insatiable even when successful; and when baffled, it issues in jealousy and envy, and every pitiful and painful feeling. So keen a temperament with so little to restrain or satisfy, so much to distress or tempt it, produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men, hence their faults and follies.

Thus literature is apt to form a dangerous and disconcerting occupation even for the amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comforts depend upon it, who does not live to write, but writes to live, its difficulties and perils are farfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflictive than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little fitted to endure. Cherishing it may be the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes, yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity or the impulse of passion; thirsting for glory, and frequently in want of daily bread; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desert of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions; dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune, this man of letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery; harassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened; the victim at once of tragedy and farce; the last forlorn outpost in the war of mind against matter.

Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under these corroding woes! Some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Coleridge; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong fortress, where poverty, cold neglect and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to, could not reach them any more.

Yet among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind! It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure; and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual Buckwoodsman, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is in vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils, and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit stirring and exalted; fortune may render him happy; it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering on the other hand to reflect on the few, who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces and most in theirs is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories, not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: "he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem."

So thought our Milton, and what was more difficult, he acted so. To Milton, the moral king of authors, an heroic multitude out of many ages and countries might be joined; a "cloud of witnesses," that encompass the true literary man throughout his pilgrimage, inspiring him to lofty emulation, cheering his solitary thoughts with hope, teaching him to struggle, to endure, to conquer difficulties, or in failure and heavy sufferings, to

"arm'd" obdurate breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel."

### TRUST TO YOURSELF.

This is a glorious principle for the industrious and trading classes of the community, and yet the philosophy of it is not perhaps understood so well as it ought to be.

There is hardly any thing more common in the country than to hear men spoken of who originally, or at some period of their lives, were rich but were ruined by "security"—that is, by becoming bound to too great an extent for the engagements of their neighbors. This must arise in a great measure from an imperfect understanding of the question; and it therefore seems necessary that something should be said in explanation of it.

I would be far from desiring to see men shut up their hearts against each other, and each stand in the panoply of his own resolutions, determined against every friendly appeal whatsoever. It is possible, however, to be not altogether a churl, and yet to take care lest we be tempted into an exertion of benevolence dangerous to ourselves, while it is of little advantage to our friends.

Notwithstanding the many ties which connect a man with society, he nevertheless bears largely imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labor for subsistence. It is found by all men of experience that, in so far as one trusts to his own exertions solely, he will be apt to flourish; and, in so far as he leans and depends upon others, he will be the reverse. Nothing can give so good a general assurance of well-doing as the personal activity of the individual, day by day exerted for his own interest. If a man, on the contrary, suddenly finds, in the midst of such a career, a prospect of some patronage which seems likely to enrich him at once, or if he falls into the heritage of some antiquated claims to property or title, which he thinks it necessary to preserve, it is ten to one that he declines from that moment, and is finally ruined. The only true way to make a happy progress through this world is to go on in a dogged, persevering pursuit of our good object, neither turning to the right nor to the left, making our business as much as possible our pleasure, and not permitting ourselves to awake from our dream of activity—not permitting ourselves to think that we have been active—till we suddenly find ourselves at the goal of our wishes, with fortune almost unconsciously within our grasp.—Chambers.

### MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

1. Persevere against discouragements.
2. Keep your temper.
3. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work on hand.
4. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.
5. Never be in a hurry.
6. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction.
7. Rise early, and be an economist of time.
8. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some.
9. Be guarded in discourse; attentive and slow to speak.
10. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
11. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.
12. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.
13. Rather set than follow examples.
14. Practice strict temperance; and in all your transactions, remember the final account.

Autumn. The sear and yellow leaf reminds us that another autumn is at hand. There is no subject in nature more beautiful to the contemplative mind than autumn. When we go back in memory to the gay flowers of the vernal fields, the green foliage of the mountains, hills, and valleys, and contemplate their beauty, their glory, their freshness, their grandeur and sublimity, we think of but youth and happiness. But when we see the ruddy hue of declining summer deepening into the rich robe of autumn—gathering like the pall of death upon all nature, we are reminded in her own emphatic language that we, like the "leaves that fall in wintry weather," must ere long, as they are nipped by the autumnal frost, be cut down by the strong arm of death, and gathered to the tomb of silence. It is the time for the mother to visit the lonely grave of her departed love, and weep over it the bright tear of sorrow—for the friend, the acquaintance, and the relative, to think of those who have closed their eyes forever upon the vanities of earth, and lie sleeping among the silent dead. At such a period the mind enters into unobedient enjoyment. There is a sweetness even in the deepest melancholy which flows to the heart, touching every tender with emotions of affection, sympathy and love. It is the time to abstract our thoughts from things perishable—to turn from the ephemeral charms of earth to the more sublime beauties which lie beyond the grave—to learn from the sober realities around us that our days will have an autumn—that we cannot expect while here "one bright summer always," though we may look forward to a time when the bloom of an eternal spring will be known forever—where streams of happiness flow in tranquil beauty from a fountain which time cannot effect.—Chapman.

The Opinion of the World. Most men live in a world of their own, and in that limited circle alone are they ambitious of distinction and applause. Thus cases of injustice, and oppression, and tyranny, and the most extravagant bigotry, are in constant occurrence among us every day. It is the custom to trumpet forth much wonder and astonishment at the chief actors therein setting at defiance so completely the opinion of the world; but there is no greater fallacy: it is precisely because they do consult the opinion of their own little world that such things take place at all, and strike the great world dumb with amazement.—Nicholas Nickleby.

Men generally need knowledge to overpower their passions and master their prejudices; therefore, to see your brother in ignorance is to see him unfurnished to all good works; and every master is to cause his family to be instructed; every governor is to instruct his charge, every man his brother, by all possible and just provisions. For if the people die for want of knowledge, they who are set over them shall also die for their want of charity.

A Good Sentiment. If men would converse more about things, and less about persons, they would show more sense, make more friends, and fewer enemies.

Every true christian has such a love for good, and such a desire for the overthrow of evil, that he is looking anxiously for the arrival of that period when wickedness shall no longer abound. But let him not faint in his mind by reason of the seeming triumph of evil; the Lord will have, in due time, all the kingdoms of the earth for his own. He should not, however, in vainly dreaming over the manner of the "second coming," lose sight of this important fact, that the Kingdom of God is to be set up in the heart. That it is to be visible to the spiritual and not to the natural eye. Every lover of the Lord can bring important aid in favor of the millennium, and hasten its coming. Let him begin, as he has never begun before, to subdue, in the strength which is freely given to all from above, the evils which remain in his heart, that he may exhibit to his neighbors the effect of spiritual light and knowledge. Let him endeavor to bring in harmony between his will and his understanding; that as he sees by the light of truth, he may will with an affection for good to do only what is good and true. The moral effect of one such man would be incalculable—what, then, will be the effect of hundreds and thousands upon the condition of the world? It is a truth, which all who open their eyes may see, that the Lord works by means, and that in accomplishing man's entire regeneration, and conjunction with himself, he will still work by means, and that if those who now profess to be his children do not enter in and work for him, he will cast them off and raise up a holier people. A stronger light is breaking in upon the world, blinding those who will not see from where it comes, but showing to those who are waiting for the Lord riches of spiritual knowledge that fill their hearts with joy pure, calm, deep and unutterable.—Balt. Messenger.

Man's original state. Adam, when he was made in God's own image, proceeded from no earthly parentage, but, at the word of the Lord, starting into existence perfect, both in his outward form and his intellectual and moral faculties, was neither subject to decay nor dissolution. And had he continued in his innocence, there would be no blight of death ever passed upon our race. The whole family of man would for ever have flourished in immortal youth, amid the transports of the terrestrial paradise, or have been seen, it may be, like holy angels, ascending and descending between heaven and earth.—Id.

The Bible. There is within it a secret power, which exerts an influence on the moral and intellectual world, like that of the sun upon the physical, and however long and successfully it may be resisted by some, not the less certain is its effect on the ultimate condition of society.—Id.

The Buffalo papers state that an accident has occurred to the steamboat Illinois, by breaking the shaft which had so damaged her machinery as to cause her to be laid up for the rest of the season, and would require \$10,000.

The village of Black Rock, on Lake Erie, is fast growing into importance, from the great advantages it possesses from its water power. Several fine flour mills are already under way, and others are in progress of erection.

## EDMUND BURKE.

The private life of this individual cannot fail to excite a deep interest in those who know and appreciate the exceeding value of the social virtue. While his public life claimed our admiration and respect, his private life compels irresistibly our love and our esteem.

The affectionate friendship and regard of men of such sterling value as the Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Charlemont were not lightly nor unworthily bestowed on Burke, and afford no slight testimony of his private worth; and the high estimation which he obtained with Johnson and Parr, Fox, Wyndham, and his numerous intimates, combined with the tone of respectful consideration in which he was invariably spoken of by those politically opposed to him, including Pitt, Wilberforce, Thurlow, and others, serve to place his public character eminently high.

In his intercourse with his own family it was, however, that the real excellencies of his heart shone forth. As a son, his respectful attention and submission to parental authority and advice, even at a period of life when most men either wholly throw off, or at best treat lightly such restraint, appears, indeed, to have been admirable. As a husband, he possessed great attachment to his wife, who truly, however, highly deserved it. Her best eulogium was pronounced by him when he declared that amid the anxieties of his political life he never failed to find alleviation from his care at home. As a father, his affection for his son was unabated, and on the death of his son we may judge of his extreme sorrow; indeed, there can be little doubt that it accelerated the termination of his own life. A feeble old horse, which had been a great favorite with his son, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports when both alike were healthful and vigorous, was, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of the park for the remainder of his life, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one.

While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr. Burke perceived this worn out servant approach close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing his person, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, the poor animal deliberately rested its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself—the remembrance of his deceased son, his late master, and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathize with its inward sorrow, rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and, throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and loudly.

Mr. Burke delighted in the society and conversation of his children, whom it was his favorite occupation to instruct and amuse, and so successful was he in riveting their attentions and affections, that many boys, who were in the habit of spending their vacations with him, declared when grown to manhood, that they looked back to the period of their occasional sojourns with him as the happiest and most interesting of their lifetime, and that they derived more pleasure from the amusing stories of Mr. Burke in his rural walks than from any thing they have since read.

We cannot close the notice of this great man better than by transcribing the tribute paid to his memory in a Paris journal, written by the talented M. Carlez. "Died, at his house at Beaconsfield, with that simple dignity, that ostentatious magnanimity, so consonant to the tenor of his life and actions, the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. There never was a more beautiful alliance between virtue and talents; all his conceptions were grand—all his sentiments generous. The great leading trait of his character, and that which gave it all its energy and its color, was that strong hatred of vice, which is no other than the passionate love of virtue; it breathes in all his writings; it was the guide of all his actions; but even the force of his eloquence was insufficient to transmute it into the weaker or perverted minds of his contemporaries." O'G.

## THE PREACHING OF BUNYAN

The Bible was his principal library; but with scarcely any other book than this, he was the most eminent minister of his age, if usefulness may be considered the standard of eminence.

It is related of the learned Dr. Owen, that on a certain occasion, after having heard John Bunyan preach with much power and spirituality, and on being asked if he had been to hear the "tinker," the name by which Bunyan, by reference to his occupation, was scathingly designated, the Doctor replied, "I have indeed; and if by a surrender of all the human learning I have acquired I could preach with the ability and heavenlyunction of Mr. Bunyan, the sacrifice should cheerfully be made."

Bunyan is but one instance among the multitude that could be named of talent which might be cultivated, and the eloquence which might be elicited by a careful and truly conscientious and religious study of the word of God. The man who, in his public ministrations, would reason with the most effect, must argue on the principles of revelation. There is presented a system of logic, built on the facts relating to God and eternity, which is unerring in all its rudeness, infallible in all its premises, and indelible, just, and correct in all its deductions.

He who would attest the consciences of the bold transgressor, or awaken the slumber of the careless and self-deceived, must pluck his arrows of conviction from the Bible, and aim them, with an eloquence which a deep acquaintance with that book can alone inspire, at the feelings, the sinful habits, and the corrupt but secret propensities of those whom we would recall to duty and to God. It is because the models of inspiration are kept out of sight, and are superseded by a courtly mode of address, and a model of argument built on the basis of common reasoning, that so little is done by a large portion of modern preachers.

They go to the people with much fancied strength, but their paucity resembles that of David, armed with Saul's armor. They redden from their labor with dissatisfaction because they see no lasting impression made upon their auditory. Unlike David, they refuse the sling and stone; a simple dependence on God and the efficacy of his truth, and disappointment is the consequence.

Cato said, "The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."